Incense

Vida Beatrice Reed

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INCENSE

BY
VIDA BEATRICE REED

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
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Dedicated to
ALCYONE

O Thou!——
Strong, powerful, majestic in Thy might
Firm-poised, unmoved, and master of Thy life
O Great One, Perfect One, our hearts go out to
Thee.

O Thou!——
Kind, compassionate, and gentle unto all
Steadfast, merciful, and loving all who live
O gracious One, Gentlest One, our hearts go
out to Thee.

O teach us Lord, Thy ways to learn,
Thy life to live, Thy peace to earn,
O Mighty One, O Holy One—
Make sure our faltering steps.

Thou standest there with face turned home
But hands stretched down to lift us near.
We come, Great One, we follow Thee!
O give us strength to reach Thy feet.

At His shrine I lay my thoughts
One by one.
In the silence of the night
In the hour before the dawn
While the world is wrapped in sleep
I alone the vigil keep.

Far I've journeyed toward His star
Step by step.
Long the path from east to west
Long the way before me lies
Yet I journey swift and sure
Toward the goal that lies ahead.

At His shrine I pour my prayers
So small—so weak.
In the silence of the night
In the hour before the dawn
While the world is hushed in sleep
I alone the vigil keep.

A soft star trembling on the edge of night
Trembling softly
Hung so low
If I dared—I might—
But ah! I cannot reach so far.

It looks such deep unutterable things
With lustrous eyes
With eyes of fire
I long to read—God's secret there
But ah! I cannot gaze so high.

In all the darkness of the night
Thy light shines out
It lights the earth
It lights my soul
With fire divine.

In all the soundless depths of space
Thy voice rings out
It fills the world
It fills my heart
And peace is found.

Far ahead He marches calmly,
Never faltering by the way;
Carrying high His Master's Standard,
High above the throngs of men.

On His brow the Star of Knighthood,
In His hand the Light of Truth.
Leader is He, strong and mighty
Leading all the ranks of men.

His the place by battles won,
Battles over self and pride;
His the place of victory gained,
Gained thru' hours while others slept.

Strong He marches, always forward,
Holding high the Light for all.
Thronging millions follow after,
Trusting all their lives to Him.

When the weak ones slip and falter,
He is quick to comprehend;
Stops and lifts them with compassion,
Never leaving one behind.

Far ahead He marches calmly,
Never faltering by the way;
Listening for His Master's orders,
Orders that we all obey.

We His lowly children are,
Glad to follow where He leads;
He the strong and mighty Guru,
Comforting and guiding all.

O Master, see, a child am I
Holding out my hands to Thee
In the darkness and the night-time
All alone I seek Thy feet.

Heavy is my weeping heart
Heavy with the ache of self.
All the earthly paths are closed,
Closed to feet that seek for Thee.

But thy shrine is far away
How may I find it in the dark?
How may I know it's light and peace?
I whose eyes are dimmed with tears?

O Master, give me of Thy strength
Help me find Thy light and peace
I am a little lonely child
Searching in the night for Thee.

O Master, see, I kneel to Thee
But touch my heart with Thy great love
My search begins and cannot end
Until I reach Thy Lotus Feet.

Oh, let me worship at Thy shrine
I am so frail and weak,
But if I knelt within its light
I'm sure that God would see.

Your shrine is sweet with flowers rare
The sacred flowers your thoughts left there
Your light is strong with heaven's flame
And angels worship there.

Oh! let me come a little near
And kneel within its warmth
Your love would guide my faltering prayers
And God I know would hear.

Oh, may Thy Light within us shine
And help to pierce the darkness here
Oh, pour Thy Love into our hearts
That we may share with all, Thy strength,

The Master, He to whom we turn
Who is a center of Thy Fire
He holds that Light within His heart
That He may share with all, Thy Life.

My heart is whispering soft and low,
Whispering gently of His love
What is the sweetest word it sings?
What is the name it croons so low?

Do you not know that sacred name?
Have you not heard it's music soft?
Ever does it still my heart,
As does the bird's soft note at dusk.

My heart is stilled in rythm deep
Stilled to one chord by His love
All its separate joys and pains
Are caught and held in one sweet song.

O Star, all trembling soft with light
O Star, so tender and divine
Shine deep within my lowly heart
Light all my soul with thy soft rays.

My path was dark till thy strong light
Shone out in answer to my cry
O Star, O Love, make soft thy rays
That I may reach their warmth and live.

The way is steep, but oh, so sweet
To tread beneath thy guiding light.
Thy rays reach down and comfort bring
I cannot fail with Thee to guide.

O Star, all trembling soft with love
O Star, so tender and divine
My lives I bring to Thy pure shrine
O take and offer them to God.

Poetry

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